More Memoirs:

OR, THE

PRETENDER

What He Really *PRETENDS* to be:

Some EXPLICATIONS of His

BIRTH

REVIV'D:

AND

REASONS

For QUESTIONING His

TITLE

SET ASIDE.

In a Letter to a Right Reverend L----.

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More Memoirs, &c.

My L——d,

I *Have read the Book your* L——*p was pleas'd to ſend me, call'd,* Memoirs of the Chevalier de St. George, *which you ſeem to think might deſerve an Anſwer; I muſt confeſs, my* L——, *I ſhould ſcarce have thought the Subject worth the Conſumption of Paper, tho' even that were a Service to the Government, had not a very remarkable Pamphlet ſince fallen into my Hands.*

This Piece, my L——, *is called* Shaftoe's Narrative: *It is the Six or Seven Years Hiſtory of an unfortunate Gentlewoman of that Name, of very little Note before this Interval of her Life let her into ſome Paſſages of the higheſt Moment, that will hereafter probably bring her Name into Hiſtory.*

How it has ſlept ſo quietly ſince its Birth, when all the ſcattered Magazines of Hiſtory have been ſo ranſack'd to furniſh a Party War, is a little Wonderful; but I may venture to aſſure you your L—— *will find it worth your Peruſal, even though you ſhould have read it Six or Seven Years ago.*

It is ſo neceſſary a Part of anſwering your L——'s *Requeſt, that I cannot only call it a Foundation to*

 build

build on, but the greateſt Part of a Structure ready built, which only ſeems to want the regular Addition of a few Pages to compleat it.

Your L——— *knows the Honour and Regard I have for the preſent Management; and I would not be wanting to do all in my Power to clear them from a Prejudice no Way conſonant to their known Integrity and Honeſty. I am likewiſe very willing to believe that People's Fears of the* Pretender's *coming ariſe only from the Bugbears of the Mind, heightened by the Whiſpers of ſome Malecontent Perſons, who are themſelves, of all others, the leaſt inclinable really to believe it.*

But I ſhall wave this till hereafter, and entertain your Lordſhip with ſome Pages of the Narrative I *have mentioned. 'Tis written with the Perſon's own Hand; and the plain and honeſt Simplicity of the Stile, the natural Force of her Words, ſeem a very great Perſuaſive of the Truth of the Facts: Take it therefore in her own Words thus.*

IT is (*ſays ſhe*) Seven Years ago laſt *Chriſtmas*, ſince I *Francis Shaftoe* was deſired by one Mrs. *Gilbery* to go down to my Lady *O-glethorpe*'s to help ſewing of Linen, and flouriſhing Neckcloths, as drawing of Cotton-ſtripes, or ſuch like; for there was ſeveral Dozens of Shirts, and other Linen, to make in Haſte, for one of their Sons was going beyond Sea; and a little before the Time appointed that I had promiſed to go down, the *Thurſday* before *Chriſtmas*, 1699, Mrs. *Gilbery* gave me a Letter from Sir *Theophilus O-glethorpe* to deſire me to go down to his Countrey-houſe ſooner than the Time appointed; for ſome of his Wife's Friends was a going down to keep their *Chriſtmas* with his Wife; then according to the Letter, the *Saturday* following, I went to the *Strand*, and took Coach for *Godlyman* near *Guilford*. A little Way up the *Strand* came into the Coach Sir *T———s O———pe*, and Two Young Gentlewomen

women, who looked to be about Eighteen or Nineteen Years of Age, as, and as they ſaid after, they were that Age; but the ſaid Two Young Gentlewomen were unknown to me who they were, or from whence they came; but they were treated at my Lady *O*———*pe*'s as her Friends for ſome Months. The ſewing Work being in Haſte they helped us: They were very ſecret, and did not appear in any Company: They made their own Bed, and ſwept their Chamber, and waited on one another; but when it was known that they were the Daughters of Sir *T*———*s O*———*pe* to this Lady, then it was ſaid they were come from a *French* Boarding-ſchool in *Yorkſhire*; it muſt not be ſaid that *Ann Henrietta O*———*pe*, and her Siſter *Eleanor O*———*pe*, had been in *France* Eleven Years, and Bred *Roman* Catholicks by Queen *Mary*, and that their Father and Mother did often go to *France* diſguiſed, and came back to *England* again; and how the ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe* went by the Name of *Ann* and *Eleanor Bartley* in *France*, and they came ſecretly over by Long-Sea, in the Time of Peace, and they were hid at Mr. *Cray*'s, a Wine-Merchant in *Swan-alley* in *Throckmorton ſtreet*, as they themſelves told me *Francis Shaftoe* ſome Months after; and that their Father, when the Parliament was done, he carried them down with him to his Houſe as Friends, to paſs *Chriſtmas* with his Lady; but before I left their Houſe the ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe* was very familiar with me. I was about Eleven Months at their Houſe; but ſome Months before I left their Houſe their Father and Mother was in great Joy for the Duke of *Gloceſter*'s Death. Some few Days after the Duke's Death I heard and ſaw many Things of what great Joy they were all in for the Duke's Death, and that the King of *France*'s Grandſon was going to be King of *Spain*; all this made them think that the King of *France* would

would bring in again King *James* by Force, with a Sword in his Hand, if the Parliament would not bring in King *James* to *England* by Conſent. Sir *T——s O———pe* laughed, and ſaid, He was always the laſt that gave his Vote againſt King *James* in any Thing; but if the Parliament would be for bringing in again King *James*, he would be the firſt Man that ſhould give his Vote to bring the King in again. My Lady *O———pe* laughed, and ſaid, She had behaved herſelf ſo well, that ſhe had as many Friends at the Court of the Prince of *Orange*, as at the Court of St. *Germains*, for all ſhe had done for King *James*; let Times go how it would, ſhe could always make Friends. *Ann* and *Eleanor O———pe* ſaid ſecretly to me, Do not you ſee what a Witty Woman my Lady is? She can make Friends at all Courts. About half an Hour after, when they were talking of Princeſs *Ann*, my Lady *O———pe* laughed, and ſaid, The Duke of *Gloceſter* was but a poor ſoft Child, and had no Wit; for one Time, when he could not make Verſes in *Latin*, Princeſs *Ann* took the Duke of *Gloceſter* and treated him ſo hard that ever ſince the Child laid it to Heart; for Princeſs *Ann* would have the Duke to have Wit, but the poor Child had it not in him; but the Dear Prince of *Wales* had a great deal of Wit, for when he was very little there was a Preſent made him of a Thing like a Houſe of Silver and Gold, he ask'd what it was? Some ſaid it was a Church, he ſaid, *The Devil take the Church, for it hath coſt him Three Crowns.* I write naturally, as I heard her ſpeak: It would be too tedious to write all I heard and ſaw the Eleven Months I ſtaid at their Houſe: They all ſpoke a great deal of Treaſon: At that Time there was ſeveral Friends came to their Houſe, among others came one Madam *Mackdanel*, lately come from *France*, with her Eldeſt and Youngeſt Sons; the ſaid Madam *Mackdanel* went by the Name of Mrs. *Butler*. She pretended ſhe came from *Ireland*, and ſhe called her Eldeſt Son her Nephew, and her Youngeſt Son

John

John Butler: He was but little. She called her Husband Sir *Randal Mackdanel*, Her Brother, he is at St. *Germains* with Queen *Mary*. She said she had brought up her Nephew, Mr. *Mackdanel*, a good Protestant; he had not been at *France* with his Father, as she pretended; then she desired Sir *T*———*O*———*pe* to speak to the Parliament to help her Nephew to an Estate that was near him, after the Death of a Friend that was Sickly. Sir *T*———*O*———*pe* was a helping her Nephew to the said Estate, as *Ann O*———*pe* told me; for I never knew them, nor any of their Family, till Mrs. *Cilbery* desired me to go down to their House to help sewing of Linen.

Ann and *Eleanor O*———*pe* was in such great Joy for the Duke of *Glocester*'s Death, and hoping King *James* would come into *England* again, they soon took me into a Chamber, and shewed me a little Picture, and fine Tapestry Hangings, and said, their Mother had had finer than these when she lived in a House near the *Park*, over-against *Whitehall*, where her Sister *Mary* was Born; she was a Twin, as *Ann O*———*pe* said; but that House was taken from her Mother when the Prince of *Orange* came to the Crown, and Princess *Ann* had got all her Mother's fine Tapestry Hangings. *Ann O*———*pe* told me that the first pretended Prince of *Wales* died of Convulsion Fits at the Age of Five or Six Weeks Old, but her Mother had a little Son some Days Older than the Prince of *Wales*, and her Mother took her little Brother *James* all in Haste, and went to *London* with him, for she had been at her Countrey-house; but her little Brother was Sick, the Prince and he was both Sick together; and her little Brother died, or was lost; but that was a Secret between her Mother and Queen *Mary*, as *Ann O*———*pe* told me *Frances Shaftoe*, when she was in great Joy for the Duke of *Glocester*'s Death. She said at first, when King

James

James came to the Crown Queen *Mary* did not love her Mother, but her Mother being a Witty Woman ſoon got into Favour with her Majeſty; but about Seven Months after her little Brother, *James O---pe*, had been made Second Prince of *Wales*, then the Prince of *Orange* came to *England*, and that ſpoiled the Riſe of all their Fortunes; for her Father was to a been made a Brigadier, and ſo riſe little and little, if King *James* had not left *England*; but her Mother being Witty, ſhe pretended to be a *Proteſtant*, when the Prince of *Orange* came to the Crown; ſhe whin'd upon the Countrey-men's Wives, with many Whining Ways, to get the Women to get their Husbands to give their Votes for Sir *T*——— *O*———*pe* to be a Member of Parliament, which they did, as *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe* told me; and that when Queen *Mary* left *Whitehall* ſhe gave their Mother all her Diamonds to keep till her Majeſty returned to *England* again, if not, they were all to be their Mother's. Then, a little Time after, Madam *O*———*pe*, their Mother, took her Two Daughters, *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe*, and changed their Names for *Ann* and *Eleanor Bartley*, and ſent them both to *France* along with one Captain *Booth*, and there they ſtaid about Eleven Years in *France*, as the ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor* told me, at their Father's Houſe at *Godlyman* near *Guilford*, when I was Eleven Months there. *Ann O*———*pe* ſaid, That about Three Years after the Beginning of the Firſt Wars, when her Mother ſaw that Queen *Mary* did not come back to *England* again, to ſhew her good Heart for her Majeſty, her Mother took the Diamonds, and dreſs'd herſelf all in Rags, like an Old Doctor Woman, with a little Baſket and a Riding-hood, and Sold Powder for Worms for Children, and Plaiſters for Corns, Powder for Teeth, and ſo ſhe paſs'd ſafe to *France* to Queen *Mary*, and there took the Sacrament to pleaſe Queen *Mary*, and her Mother came back to *England* again

ſafe,

ſafe, without being known, as her Daughter *Ann* told me; and a little while after her Father went to *France* diſguis'd, after the Parliament had done ſitting; when there was a Noiſe in *England* about ſome Letters that were found out, her Father went ſtrait to *Verſailles*, for he was afraid to be known at the Court of St. *Germains*; and King *James* and Queen *Mary* met Sir *T——s O——pe* at the Court of *Verſailles*; than he came ſafe back to *England* without ever being known: And much more than all this *Ann* and *Eleanor* told me, which is too tedious to write.

But when the firſt Wars were done, as *Ann O——pe* told me, they had a Nurſe call'd *Middlecaſe*, their Dry Nurſe, who often threatned their Mother, that if ſhe would not ſend to *France*, and fetch Home her Two Daughters, *Ann* and *Eleanor O——pe*, ſhe would tell all, and follow her to the Gallows. Then the ſaid Nurſe put a Letter into the Parliament-houſe, That Sir *T——s O——pe* had Two Daughters Bred *Roman* Catholicks in *France*; but the ſaid Letter fell into Friends Hands, and was given back to their Father. Then about the middle of the Time of Peace laſt, the Lady *O——pe* ſent ſecretly to *France* to fetch Home in great Haſte her Two Daughters: The ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor O——pe* came about by long Sea, for they were afraid to come by *Calais*; their Father being a Member of Parliament, it muſt not be ſaid he had Two Daughters Bred *Roman* Catholicks. Then they were hid ſome Days at Mr. *Cray*'s Houſe, a Wine-merchants in *Swan-alley* in *Throckmorton-ſtreet*; the ſaid Mr. *Cray*'s firſt Wife was their Mother's Siſter. Then when the Parliament had done ſitting they went down as Friends to ſee their Mother, and keep their *Chriſtmas* there, as I *Frances Shaftoe* have ſet forth in the Beginning of this Paper; for I never knew any of their Family till that Day I took Coach in the *Strand*, about Seven Years ago, to go down to their Mother's to help ſew-

ing of Linen. I never had ſeen their Mother, but as Mrs. *Cilbery* deſired me to go, and ſhe knew the Lady *O——pe* would pay me for my Work. According to her Deſire I went down to *Godlyman*, to the Lady *O——pe*'s; that was the firſt and laſt Time I ever was at their Houſe, but that Eleven Months in all; I have Witneſs of it: But before I came away, a little Time after the Duke's Death, after I had heard and ſeen their great Joy for his Death, *Ann* and *Eleanor O——pe* came into a Chamber where I was ſewing; they brought Two *French* Gazettes, come from *Holland*, in with them; *Ann* ſaid to me, The King of *France*'s Grandſon was going to be King of *Spain*, and the *Hollanders* had acknowledged him King of *Spain*; *Ann* looked at her Siſter *Eleanor*, and ſaid, What could Princeſs *Ann* ſay now for herſelf? For now ſhe hoped King *James* and Queen *Mary* would be ſoon in *England*. *Ann* told me there was a Lady playing once with the Princeſs *Ann*, and the Lady ſaid to the Princeſs, She did not think it would have been thus between her Highneſs and Queen *Mary*; but the Princeſs anſwered, It was too late: *Ann O——pe* looked and laughed at her Siſter *Eleanor*, and ſaid, She believed it was too late now, for ſhe hoped Queen *Mary* would be ſoon in *England* again, and then ſhe hoped to make Princeſs *Ann* give her Mother back again all her fine Tapeſtry Hangings; and that when King *James* came in he muſt keep the *Engliſh* under, for they were a Stiff-necked People, always rebelling againſt their King; K. *James* muſt keep them under, as the King of *France* does his People, and he muſt root up all the bitter Roots, called his Enemies, in *England*; and ſo ſaid her Father and Mother, when they were rejoicing ſecretly. Their Mother ſaid, She was ſorry that her Two Daughters, *Ann* and *Eleanor O——pe*, had not ſtaid in *France* till Queen *Mary* came into *England*, then they had come in Maids of Honour to her Majeſty. But *Ann*

and

and *Eleanor* ſaid to me, It was not their Father's nor Mother's Fault that brought them into *England*, but their Nurſe *Middlecaſe*'s Fault, that always threatned their Mother, for ſhe was afraid they would be made Nuns. *Ann* ſaid, Their Nurſe *Middlecaſe* lov'd their Family too well to hurt them, but it was her Tenderneſs for them. *Ann* ſaid, that Queen *Mary* deſigned to have made them a Preſent, if their Mother had not taken them ſo haſtily and ſecretly out of *France*; for ſince they were come over Queen *Mary* had writ to their Mother with her Majeſty's own Hand; ſome of the Contents of the Letter was this: *Madam, I am not pleaſed with you for taking your Children ſo haſtily away; I did not think to have ſent 'em ſo.* *Ann O———pe* promiſed me to let me ſee this Letter ſometime, if ſhe could get it, for ſhe knew where her Mother had put it. I ask'd her what her firſt little Brother *James*'s Nurſe ſaid when he was loſt, that her Mother had been by the Way at *Windſor*, when ſhe came to *London* with her little Son in Haſte; *Ann* anſwered me, That her Mother being a cunning Woman, often quarrell'd with her Nurſes, and took away her Children, and ſent them to other Nurſes, Dead or Living, to be Nurſed or to be Buried. Sometimes ſhe ſpoke as if the firſt Pretended Prince of *Wales* Died at *Windſor*, and ſhe ſpoke other Times as if her little Brother was loſt by the Way a coming to *London*.

Ann O———pe ſaid, That ſhe was in the Long Cloſet in her Mother's Chamber, and her Father and Mother came into the Chamber, and her Father took his Lady in his Arms, and ſaid, *My Dear, Is it not a great Joy and Comfort to thee that thy own Child ſhall come to ſit upon the Throne of* England? *For now King* James *and the Dear Prince will ſoon be in* England *again.* — My Lady ſaid, *Huſh, huſh,* and ſhe would have had Sir *T———s O———pe* to go and ſleep, for he had drank Wine, but he would not go to ſleep; his Lady took him out; then *Ann*

O———*pe* came out of the Closet, as she told me *Frances Shaftoe*. *Ann* and *Eleanor* were always together, but *Ann* spoke most to me. *Ann* said to her Sister, That her Mother had seen the Day when she could pull Lords down, and set up Lords, and she hoped her Time would come as well as her Mother's. *Ann O*———*pe* asked me why I was so sad-hearted? I said, I had received a Letter from my Mother that my Sister *Mary* could not Live; the Doctors had given her over, and I was afraid she was Dead; but at last my tender Mother's Letter commanded me to take Coach for *London*, in order to go from thence to her at *Newcastle*. Then *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe* seem'd much to be troubled, and the Night before I left their House, *Ann O*———*pe* was very much troubled; we were a long Time together; she told me, O how much she would do for me if ever it was in her Power: She said her Father loved Sir *John Fenwick*, my Relation, that made her love me so dearly. Then the Lady *O*———*pe* was very kind to me; I had much ado to get away, but I was to go home to my Dear Mother; I had been about Eleven Months at the Lady *O*———*pe*'s; she gave me Four Guineas when I came away; for if she had not given me nothing, I could not have commanded anything; I had made no Bargain, but as Mrs. *Gilbery* told me the Lady *O*———*pe* would requite me after the sewing Work was done. I always behaved myself meek and humble, and ready to help any of the Servants to make the Beds, or take Care of the little Boy, that was about Five Years Old, when his Maid, *Mary Cason*, was busie in the Gardens helping; she was a Countrey Maid; or when she was Stilling, or helping in any Thing; sometimes when the sewing Work was in Haste her Sister *Mary* looked after the little Boy, he being Five Years Old; *Ann* and *Eleanor* dress'd their Two Youngest Sisters, and made their Bed, and swept their Chamber, often.

There

There was one Mrs. *Eadds*, their Houſekeeper, took Coach with me for *London*; the Lady *O——pe* treated always her for to ſtay, but ſhe would not, for ſhe did not like their Ways; ſhe was glad to get handſomely away. Sometime after I come to *London*, I ſaid to this Mrs. *Eadds* that I could never forget all that I had heard and ſeen when I was at the Lady *O——pe*'s Houſe; and what *Ann* and *Eleanor* had told me, when they and their Father and Mother were in the great ſecret Joy for the Duke of *Gloceſter*'s Death; they ſeem'd at firſt to be ſorry, but ſome Days after they were in great Joy: I being Sir *John Fenwick*'s Friend, made *Ann O——pe* ſay what ſhe repented after. Sometimes I ſaid to this Mrs. *Eadds*, I would go to a Juſtice of Peace, and tell all: But at laſt I conſidered the Papiſts had always great Power in *England*, and that Sir *T——s O——pe* had great Friends; for when the Nurſe *Middlecaſe* put the Letter in the Parliament-houſe, he had Friends, and turn'd it off; and I being a poor Fatherleſs Girl, I might bring myſelf in Danger of being kill'd or poiſoned with Papiſts; for *Ann* and her Father would find Friends, and turn it off; for ſhe often ſaid her Father and Mother had always great Friends at all Courts. She told me, That one Day King *William* was hunting near their Houſe, and her Father and Mother opened the Gates, but the King would not go in, but went to one Captain *Bridger*'s in the ſame Town; and truly her Father and Mother laugh'd, and ſaid, They did not care much for the Viſit of the Prince of *Orange*. All this made me afraid to go to tell any Body, for ſhe often ſaid, the Prince of *Orange* could not hinder her Father from being a Member of Parliament, for the Countreymen ſtill voted for her Father.

Thus far you have an Account, my L——, very ſurprizing; I know not what Credit your L——

will

will give the Contents of it, or whether they will ſeem more to you than a compacted Tale, made up of odd Hearſays, *taken at Random: I ſhall be free with your* L——— *in declaring, that were it to proceed no farther it would not be worth even the trivial Notice of entring into a Conſideration, whether it ought to be believed, or no; and I am of Opinion too that the Perſon herſelf would have found very little Credit from thoſe to whom ſhe ſhould have endeavour'd to reveal it; not, I mean, thro' the Prevalency of the Parties mentioned, ſo much as thro' an Intricacy in the Belief of it.*

But then, my L———, *there is that behind which very well deſerves a Curious Reflection; I ſhall rob your* L———*p of as little of the Original as poſſible, only beg* Leave *to make one neceſſary Obſervation; ſhe had, (as your* L——— *finds in her Relation juſt before,) divulged ſo much of her Mind to* Eadds, *as to ſay,* She would go to a Juſtice of Peace, and tell all. *This, it ſeems very probable, was diſcovered again to them, for they ſoon after followed her to* London, *who before they had taken a Final Leoave off, and there by a Knot of Contrivances, ſo wonderful cunning, that nothing but a Well-laid Deſign could have effected, betray her into* France: *And what, my* L———, *can the Betraying her into* France *appear, but a Proof of the foregoing Facts, as ſome Conſequences hereafter are a Proof of that too? Which Account ſhe goes on with as follows.*

Some Time after the ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor O*———*pe* came in a Coach, Dreſt in Mens Cloaths, and ſurpriz'd me at my Lodging in *Gutter-lane*: My Landlady call'd me down; I was ſurpriz d, and ſaid, *Gentlemen, you are miſtaken, it is not me you want: Ann O*———*pe* call'd me, Mrs. *Shaftoe, It is me, do you not know me?* But I ſaid, *It doth not look well to come dreſt in Man's Cloaths; what do you mean?* She begg'd of me but to take them a little into my Chamber, which I ſcrupled much at, but at laſt I did.

did. They then told me they were going to *France*, and expected I would go for Two Mouths, and they designed to set forward the next Day at Three of the Clock in the Morning: But I answered them, in short I could not go with them, and I bid them provide themselves a Lodging. They both wept, and ask'd me, if I design'd to betray them? I said, How! Betray who? Was there any Danger to go to *France* in the Time of Peace? They said, No. But in my Heart I did believe, and do still, that they meant the Secrets I had heard, and they had told me when I was at their House. *Ann* and *Eleanor* dress'd themselves in Womens Cloaths, for they had all their Cloaths with them; they seem'd to be much troubled. They desired me to buy them a Trunk to put their Cloaths in, and to lay out the Money, for theirs was all in Gold; I did so. Then they desired me to call a Coach to go to *Leicester-Fields*; but the Gentlewoman they wanted, that was lately come from *France*, had changed her Lodgings, or was gone into the Countrey: The Coach brought them back to my Lodgings again. I paid Three Shillings for Coach-hire. They desired me to go to *Throckmorton-street*, to desire their Unkle *Cray* to come to speak to them; but it being on a *Whitson-Monday* he was not at Home. Then they seem'd very much to be troubled, and I had a great Mind to be delivered of them, but I was resolved to be Civil to them. Then they desired me to go to *Greenwich*, to tell *Eliz. Eadds*, who had been their Housekeeper, to come to them: But I found her not there, but at *Rotherhithe*. Then she came to my Lodging, and carried the said *Ann* and *Eleanor* over to *Rotherhithe* with her. I took one *Eliz. Hedley* with me; she had helped me to buy their Trunk, and saw them when they were dressing themselves again in Womens Cloaths. This Mrs. *Hedley* went with me over to *Rotherhithe* Two Days after, to see the Two *O——ps*, and ask them the Money I had laid out for them;

them ; but *Ann* and *Eleanor* began again their importuning me to go to *France* with them, for they would not ſtay long there ; or if they did, they would ſend me back when I would: Oh how much it would be for my Advantage to go and learn *French*, and ſee the Faſhions ; and what a great Preſent they would make me when I came Home to *England* again. But I ſaid I could not leave my tender Mother, ſhe was coming to *London* in a little Time, I muſt go Home with her ; beſides, there was none but Papiſts in *France*, and I would never be a Papiſt, if they were ; then *Ann* and *Eleanor* ſwore upon their Salvation, that neither Prieſt, nor any Body elſe, ſhould never come to ſpeak to me of Religion, nor trouble me about my Religion ; they Swore this, and much more, in Preſence of Mrs. *Eadds* and Mrs. *Hedley*, which would be too tedious to write ; notwithſtanding I poſitively refuſ'd to go with them to *France*. Then *Ann O*———*pe* ask'd me but to ſee them to *Deal* or to *Dover*, it would be Satisfaction to them, which I conſented to. Then they borrowed a little Money of Mrs. *Eadds* and Mrs. *Hedley*, and gave them Bills for to receive the ſame of their Father. They ſaid they were to receive a Bill of Money at *Calais*, for they had laid out moſt of their Money in buying Things to carry to *France*.

It was about Eight or Nine Days before they ſet forward for *Deal* ; the laſt Words *Ann O*———*pe* ſaid at Parting to my Friend Ms. *Hedley* was, that I ſhould go no farther than *Deal*. I forbid Mrs. *Hedley* to write to my Mother, for I would be back in Two or Three Days Time : But when we arrived at *Deal*, the Wind being fair, they with Tears and flattering Tongues, begg'd of me but to go to *Calais* with them, and there they would pay me my Money they had borrowed of me, and Mrs. *Eadds*, and Mrs. *Hedley*, which was about Nine Pounds Fourteen or Fifteen Shillings: Beſides, *Ann O*———*pe* ſwore, that ſhe would

would ſend me back again by the ſame Boat that carried us over; there was no Danger in peaceable Times.

Then we took Boat for *Calais*; we were not Four Hours at Sea; and when we arrived at *Calais*, *Ann O———pe* went to the *Cuſtom-houſe* for her Trunks; and when ſhe came back again ſhe told me ſhe could not get a Paſs for me, and I could not go back to *England* till I went to *Paris*, and that no Paſs was to be had but at *Paris*. Then I wept, and foreſaw my Miſery, for ſhe had been before the Governour of *Calais*, and ſhe Breakfaſted the next Day with his Lady, as ſhe ſaid; but all my Eyes was ſwelled with Crying; I ſaw how I was trepann'd into *France*. We were in a *French* Houſe, but I could not underſtand one Word of *French*; there were many Gentlemen that came to ſee them. *Ann O———pe* told me ſhe could not help it, but ſhe was ſure to get me a Paſs at *Paris*, and that it was but Two Days Journey in the Coach; but I found Six Days between *Calais* and *Paris*; and to ſhew me the Treaſury of St. *Dinen*'s Church by the Way, where *Ann* and *Eleanor O———pe* kneeled down to their Devotion; *Ann* pull'd me by the Peticoat, and bid me kneel down, but I would not. When we came out I ask'd her what ſhe meant? Would ſhe force me to be a Papiſt? She ſaid, No; but if I did not pretend to be one ſhe was afraid that the King of *France*'s Exempt would take me up. I ſaid, ſhe told me that the *French* did not meddle with the *Engliſh* about their Religion.

Then we arriv'd at *Paris*, and their Couſin, Sir *Randal Mackdonel*, came to meet them. Then *Ann O———pe* ſhewed me 17 Piſtoles, and ſaid, all was ready for my going back, but we muſt go to St. *Germains* for my Paſs, for it could not be had at *Paris*. The next Day *Ann* and *Eleanor* went to ſee King *James* and Queen *Mary*; their Couſin *Mackdonel* carried them: *Ann* ſaid to me, ſhe would ask her Majeſty

for a Paſs for me to go to *England*; but when ſhe came back ſhe ſaid there muſt be Time for it, for the King of *France* muſt ſign it, and he did but ſign the Paſſes ſuch a Day in the Month. Then after we had been Three Days at St. *Germains*, *Ann* told me my Paſs was making ready; and they put me into a Coach with them, and, inſtead of a Paſs, they carried me to a *French* Nunnery near St. *Clue*, Six Miles from St. *Germains*, and about Five from *Paris*; their Couſin *Mackdonel*, and Mr. *William Delaval*, my pretended Friend and Couſin, rid on Horſeback to conduct us there.

I always continued asking a Paſs; but at laſt *Ann* and *Eleanor* came to my Chamber, where I was Sick with Grief; *Ann* ſaid to me ſhe could not get me a Paſs till I had heard what the Prieſt had to ſay to me, then her Conſcience would be clear'd, and ſhe would get me a Paſs: But I called her *Judas*, and bid her remember the Oaths ſhe ſwore in *England*, that no Prieſt ſhould come to ſpeak to me about Religion; ſhe ſaid, when ſhe promiſed me that ſhe did not know all the Laws of her Religion, and her Conſcience was charged with my Soul; but if I would hear the Prieſts a little, for they forced Nobody. Then I was worried with an *Engliſh* and an *Iriſh* Prieſt, one Prieſt *More*, that came twice a Week from *Paris* to me, and one Prieſt *Conel*, that came to me twice a Week from St. *Germains*, and ſometimes an *Engliſh* Prieſt. Oh how complaiſant the Prieſts were at firſt! Every Viſit they made me was to be the laſt; let us but ſpeak to you this Time, and that Time: They worried me with *Ann Bullen* and King *Henry* VIII. but I ſaid to the Prieſts, I believed they were miſtaken, it was their Religion that was a New one, and not mine; for I never read that Jeſus Chriſt's Apoſtles ſaid the Maſs, and had ſuch Ceremonies as they had. I bid them ſhake the Duſt off their Feet, as they always ſaid to me they would do; and I bid them give me a

Paſs

Paſs and ſend me to *England* to my Dear Mother, and at the Day of Judgment, when they came againſt me, then I would diſpute all the reſt with them that Day: But when the Prieſts ſaw they could not win upon me by Winning Ways, and many Fine Promiſes, then they took up other Ways: There was no provoking Words, but the Prieſts ſaid to me at laſt, they worried me with my Soul; and I ſaid always, my Dear Mother, my Dear Mother, I muſt go to her, for I could not live without my Dear Mother; O how much I lov'd her! I always took Care what I ſpoke.

I often quarrelled with *Ann* and *Eleanor*; at laſt, when I ſaw they would not give me a Paſs, I told them ſometimes, The Widow, my Mother's, Cries and mine went up to Heaven againſt them; although the Widow, my Mother, did not know where I was, yet I hoped Dear *Betty Hedley* would write to her. Some Days after *Ann O*——*pe*, and the Prieſts, and the Nuns, conſidered that it was too far for Prieſt *Conel* to come twice a Week, and Prieſt *More* twice a Week, to me, they removed me to St. *Germains* again, on Pretence my Paſs was ready there.

Then after I had been in this *French* Nunnery, near St. *Clue*, Four Months, *Ann O*——*pe* came into my Chamber, and ſpoke kindly to me, and bid me make Haſte, your Paſs is ready when you are well, and you muſt go to St. *Germains*; you cannot blame me for uſing Means to ſave your Soul, my Religion obliges me, for out of the Church there's no Salvation. She, and I, and her Siſter *Eleanor*, often diſputed about Religion: They always ſaid to me, it was a Sin for them to let me go out of a Chriſtian Countrey without uſing Means to ſave my Soul; but I often reproached them both with all their falſe Oaths and Promiſes they had ſwore to me; beſides, I ſaid I was *Engliſh* Born, Free from *French* Laws, nor was there any *Engliſh* treated thus.

Then I was ſent to St. *Germains*, conducted by Prieſt *Conel*, and a Woman Religious; but inſtead of a Paſs, I was put to lodge at a Stationer's Houſe, where Prieſt *Conel* and other Prieſts lodg'd. I could not ſtir no Way but the Woman of the Houſe or her Daughter was with me; at laſt the Woman being weary of me, I was removed to the Dutcheſs of *Perth*'s, by Father *Roger*, a Jeſuit; he is Queen *Mary*'s Confeſſor: I was put to the Lady *Perth*'s for her to ſpeak to Queen *Mary* for my Paſs; but King *James* being lately Dead ſhe could not ſpeak yet to the Queen; there was always ſome Excuſe. At laſt the Queen's Confeſſor and Prieſt *Conel* told me, I could never have a Paſs till I was a *Roman* Catholick, for it was againſt all Peoples Conſcience to give or help me to a Paſs. All the Time I was there I was tormented with the Prieſts; then I fell Sick again of a Fever; then I was remov'd over to the Stationer's again, and there perſecuted with Prieſts to perſuade me to the *Romiſh* Religion: And one Day, in my great Sickneſs, I was taken out of my Bed, and dreſt by the Woman of the Houſe, and ſupported by Prieſt *Conel* and another, and led into the King's Chapel at St. *Germains*, near my Lodging, and there Prieſt *Conel* read a Paper, and Father *Roger* read in a Book; after which the ſaid Two Prieſts compell'd me to ſet my Hand to a Paper. I was returned, and was put to Bed again; my Head was light, for ſometimes People look'd like Giants in my Eyes. Then ſome Time after Prieſt *Conel* came to me, and told me, I had embrac'd their Religion, and I muſt go to Maſs and Confeſſion: His Words ſurpriz'd me; I wept; but before I could get away from St. *Germains* I was forc'd to go to Maſs and Confeſſion, and receive their Communion. I Confeſt to Father *Roger*.

After I had been about Three Months at St. *Germains*, then I was ſent Priſoner to *Paris*, by Father *Roger*'s Order, the Queen's Confeſſor, and Prieſt *Conel*, on Pretence to have a Paſs; but when I came there

there I was confined a Priſoner in another *French* Nunnery, call'd, *The Convent of the New Catholicks*, in the Street of St. *Ann* in *Paris*. Some Time after came *Ann* and *Eleanor O———pe* to the Grates to ſee me, and wiſh'd me much Joy of my Religion, and ſaid, they had brought me to *France* on Purpoſe to ſave my Soul; was I not glad of it? They both writ, and deſired the Nuns, when I was well inſtructed to carry me to the Archbiſhop of *Paris* to be Confirm'd; but I not conforming myſelf to all their Ceremonies, I was ſent to a Place where they put all Proteſtants that are obſtinate, and will not change, or comply with their Ceremonies when they are made *Roman* Catholicks. I was put in a Cellar, and dieted with Brown Bread and Water for Five Weeks and Four Days; I was full of Lice and Bugs; I had no Chair nor Table; it was an Earthen Floor, and my Bed was on that Floor, and full of Rags and Lice; I had no Place to reſt my weary Bones. One Father *Murſy*, my Confeſſor, an *Iriſh* Prieſt, ſent me the Bible, and a Letter to bid me take all my Pains in Patience, and he bid me read every Day the Eighth Chapter of the *Romans*; I often took the Bible, and opened it, and proſtrated, and pleaded with my God, that they could not tell me my God was Aſleep, or in a Journey, as the Gods of *Baal* were. But at laſt my Head grew light, and I was remov'd in my Sickneſs back again to the New Catholick Nunnery, by Order of the Archbiſhop of *Paris*.

I was about Three Months before I recovered my Health again; after which *Ann O———pe* writ a Letter to me, and one in *French* to the Mother Nun; I do not know what was in the Letter, but as I was told ſome Time after that all the Nuns did laugh at it; but it was in my Letter, to make haſte, and come along with that Woman to *Poyſy* to her and her Siſter, and they would pay me the Money that they had borrowed of me in *England*; and then they would ſend me to St. *Germains*, to one Mrs. *Booth*, a Captain's

tain's Wife, that was going to her Husband in *Flanders*, as it was writ in my Letter; and that the ſaid Mrs. *Booth* had Ten Pounds for my Journey to *Flanders*, and my Paſs; and from *Flanders* the ſaid Mrs. *Booth* was to ſend me to *Holland* for *England*.

The Mother Nun ſent another Nun with me, and the Woman, to deliver me ſafe at *Poyſy*, into the Hands of *Ann* and *Eleanor O———pe*; and there *Ann* told me ſhe had obtain'd a Paſs for me at laſt, which was to be by the Way of *Flanders*, with one Madam *Booth*, who had Ten Pounds for my Journey to *Holland*; at the ſame Time *Ann O———pe* paid me the Money ſhe had borrowed of me in *England*, but not that of my Friends; and ſhe gave me a Piſtole over, which was in all that ſhe paid me Four Piſtoles; ſhe pulled a little Bill out of her Boſom, and bid me ſign it with Haſte, for the Coach was going to St. *Germains*, and Mrs. *Booth* might be gone if I did not make Haſte; I ſign'd the little Bill, but I did not read what was in it. She ſaid only how ſhe had paid me my Money ſhe borrowed of me in *England*; then I took Leave of them with great Joy.

The Nun and the Woman conducted me to St. *Germains*; they gave Mrs. *Booth* a Letter; ſhe ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe had neither Paſs nor Money, nor never heard of any ſuch Things. Then Father *Roger* and Prieſt *Conel* ſent me back the Third Time to the Convent of the New Catholicks in *Paris*; but I wept, and begg'd often to have my Liberty to go and ſeek my Bread in the Streets of *Paris* as well as I could, but all was refus'd me; I always was kept Priſoner, as they ſaid, for my Soul. Before I was made a *Roman* Catholick I was to have all Liberty, and was to have a Paſs, and go to *England*; but when I was one I was kept Priſoner, for Fear if I had my Liberty in *Paris*, then I would go amongſt the Proteſtant Ladies, and then my Soul would be doubly damn'd. And when I ask'd a Paſs to go to *England* to ſave the Soul

of

of my Dear Mother, as I pretended, the Prieſts ſaid to me, we muſt have a long Time to prove you a good *Roman* Catholick; and ſtay this Opportunity, and that, as *Conel* and other Prieſts ſaid. Then *Ann O———pe* came to ſee me at the Grates again, and ſaid, it was not her Fault that hindred me, for ſhe had ordered ſuch and ſuch Things; but it was Prieſt *Conel*'s, and *Roger*, the Queen's Confeſſor, that hinder'd me to go to *England*; for truly ſhe did want to go herſelf to *England*, her Father was Dead; and ſhe ſeem'd to ſpeak againſt Queen *Mary*, ſaying, For all her Father had done for King *James*, yet Queen *Mary* had refuſed her a Paſs for *England*; and at the ſame Time this *Judas*, *Ann O———pe*, had a Paſs, and parted Three Days after for *England*, as I was told Two Years after, when I was removed into another Nunnery.

After I had been about Three Years in this Convent of New Catholicks, there came in a *Swiſſer*-Woman, that ſold all Sorts of little Merchant Goods; ſhe Bought at one Place, and Sold at another; and ſometimes her Husband went back to *Swiſſerland* to Buy more, and bring to *France*: But ſhe being Sick about Two Leagues from *Paris*, her Husband went to ſome Place to Sell his Goods, and left her Sick, as ſhe told me; and the Lady of the Mannor there ſent her in a Coach to the New Catholicks where I was; and the Lady paid for her Board till her Husband came.

I had my Liberty ſometimes to walk up and down in the Nunnery when I was good, as they call'd it; that I went to Confeſſion, and took their Communion; but at other Times I was lock'd up in my Chamber, and ſtarved for Bread and Fire for Three Days together, and ſometimes for Two Days together: This was often done; for then the Prieſts began to ſay I muſt be a Nun; and if I was a good *Roman* Catholick I would often confeſs, and take the Sacrament,

and

and be made a Nun; and that I muſt put out of my Head all thoſe Temptations to go to *England*; but I ſaid, I would go to ſave my Mother's Soul. I often enquired what was become of the Two *O*———*ps*, but Nobody would tell me.

I continued ſeeing this Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman as often as I could, for I found her a Proteſtant; her Name is *Eſtianna Roſſir*; ſhe promiſed me to get me ſome Letters ſent to *England* by *Swiſſerland*, or ſome other Way when her Husband came; for there were ſeveral *Swiſſer* Officers and Soldiers of her Acquaintance in *Paris*. Some Time after ſhe told me that he was come, and ask'd the Nuns for her at the Grates, and that ſhe expected her Liberty.

But before ſhe was at Liberty, about Fifteen Days before *Whitſunday*, 1705, on a *Friday* in the Evening, when we were all in the Work-room, after the Nun had done reading to us, the Bell rung at Seven a Clock for us to go down to Supper, and at the Stair-foot the Nun-porter came to me, and bid me come to the Parlour; I thought it had been Prieſt *More* that did come to the Grates twice a Week to inſtruct me; but I was ſurpriz'd when I ſaw Mr. *Omon*, who asked me if I knew him again? He was the King of *France*'s Exempt; all the Grates were opened, and there was a Coach ſtood, with about 13 or 14 Armed Men; I cried out, I was a good *Roman* Catholick; the other Side of the Coach was cloſe ſhut up. Mr. *Omon* took me up, and put me in the Coach; I ſaid I was *Engliſh* Born, Free from *French* Laws; beſides the King of *France* was Good; God bleſs his Majeſty; I knew he did not know any thing of my being treated thus, for he did never treat Strangers thus: But Mr. *Omon* ſaid, Mr. *D'Arganſon* and the Archbiſhop knew well what they did; he bid me be contented for Fear it might be worſe with me; he carried me to a Nunnery, call'd, the St. *Shoman*, in St. *Dinen-ſtreet*, where I was cloſe ſhut up in my Chamber

Chamber for ſome Days. The next Day there came a Nun from the other Nunnery to bid me be contented for Fear it would be worſe with me; for ſhe ſaid, the Court at St. *Germains*, and the Prieſt, had given Orders that I ſhould be put in the *Engliſh* Nunnery, there I would have been worſer; but they begg'd of Mr. *D'Arganſon* not to put me there. But I ſaid, why did they frighten me again thus? Could not they have brought me themſelves? She ſaid, it muſt be, and I knew it was not their Fault. Some Time after I ask'd of Madam Nun to go Abroad, as I ſaw others; but ſhe ſaid they were not brought in Priſoners as I was; did I not ſee Two or Three more that were made Priſoners that did not go Abroad alone? I ſaid they were *French*, and I was *Engliſh* Born, Free from *French* Laws; ſhe ſaid it was not their Fault. I ſaid I often went to Church with the Nuns of the other Nunnery on ſuch Holidays; ſhe ſaid, I ſhould go Abroad with her ſometimes to ſee ſuch Saints in ſuch Churches; and if I would be good I ſhould have Liberty to walk in the Gardens, and go about the Nunnery: But the Prieſts always worried me to be a Nun, and ſo did the Nuns; I never ſaw any Body in the Parlour but Prieſts, nor received any Letters but from Prieſts, but One or Two from ſome Papiſt; the Nuns always opened the Letters, and if they thought fit they gave me them.

Then one Day the Bell rung for me to go down to the Parlour; but I was ſurpriz'd to ſee the Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman, who told me ſhe was come from my Confeſſor, who deſired me to prepare for Confeſſion, and ſuch and ſuch Things; he had ſent me that Book; and ſeveral Nuns in ſuch a Nunnery made their Complements to me, and deſired me to do that Piece of Work I had of theirs as ſoon as I could. I asked the Nun Leave to let me carry this *Swiſſer*-Woman into the Garden, to ſhew it was better than the other Nunnery-Garden; they gave me Leave. Then I beg-

ged of her to go find out the Ambaſſador of *Denmark*, and intreat his Miniſter to ſpeak to her Excellence the Lady Ambaſſadreſs, humbly to intreat, for the Proteſtant Religion's Sake, and for *England*'s Sake, to pity a poor diſtreſſed Girl, that had been betrayed into *France*, and ſhut up Priſoner for Four Years and Two Months, and could not get One Letter paſs to *England*, nor hear from my Dear Mother and Siſter. But Mr. *Shrudetur*, the *Daniſh* Ambaſſador's Chaplain, that liv'd in *Paris*, refus'd at firſt; but at laſt he promiſed my Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman to ſend my Letters to *England*.

Then I ſaw this Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman often, and I put Letters down her Back, and other Places about her, and all the Letters that the Prieſts had ſent me, and others. Mr. *Shrudetur* aſſur'd her they were ſafe ſent to *England*. I writ to Nobody but to my Dear Mother. I do not know to where my Letters went, but ſhe ſaid to ſuch and ſuch a Nobleman in *England*. This Dear Woman would often bring Things to Sell in the Nunnery, or Knit Gloves or Stockings Cheap for any, but ſhe gave them to others to do, and made believe ſhe did them herſelf, and did them cheap, and often came to St. *Shonan*; when ſhe pretended ſhe could not come to me, then the Nuns would ſend her to my Chamber, and bid her tell me to go to ſuch a Lady's Lodging that wanted a Coffee-mill, and by that Means we ſaw one another often; for there was Two and Forty Nuns in this Nunnery, and above Threeſcore Boarders; and Priſoners came every Day, Proteſtant Ladies, ſhut up in their Chambers. Sometimes there was not Room enough for them in the New Catholicks, and other Places; *for in the War-time, when the King of* France *wanted Money he took Care of all the Proteſtant Souls; and he took from the Rich Proteſtant Priſoners to pay for the Poor Proteſtant Priſoners, like me, as they ſaid:* I know not, but I had rather had my Liberty, for I have ſuffer'd much, ſtarv'd often; and they always

ways ſaid the Devil was in me when I did not confeſs often, and take the Sacrament: Sometimes I was well treated, ſometimes I was very ill treated; all this was done for the Good of my Soul; I ſuppoſe they were as well paid for treating me ill, as when they treated we well.

As for the *Roman* Catholick Ladies they were at all Times treated well; but the Proteſtant Ladies were not, becauſe they would not hear what the Prieſt had to ſay to them. I have ſeen them ſtarved to Death in their Sickneſs, and carried out of the Convent, call'd, *The New Catholicks*, with little Life, to be forced Catholicks; and their Friends could never tell whether they were Dead or Living, or could have their Eſtates. I drank but Water, and never had any Fire in my Chamber: I was promiſed all if I would be Religious, and be made a Nun; for ſometimes they ſaid I muſt never go to *England*; and at other Times the Prieſts would ſay, *When you have taken the Sacrament ſuch a Time we will get you a Paſs to go to convert your Mother.* Many Frowns and Slights I have ſuffered, and many a hungry Belly, and ſtarv'd for Fire. Oh! what I have ſuffered for Seven Years in *France.*

Oh *England!* Wilt thou not pity me, a Poor Girl, and do me Juſtice againſt *Ann* and *Eleanor O——pe*, who are the Cauſe of all my Sufferings, *that the Papiſts may not do the like again?* O pity me, Poor Girl, but Bred and Born a Gentlewoman; the Grief for me hath made my tender Mother take Fits; my Siſter ſaith ſhe thinks my Mother will never recover her Health again. All *Scotland* hath heard of my Sufferings in *France* by the *O——pes* trepanning me. I do believe I had been poiſoned in *France* if it had not been that Mrs. *Eadds* and *Hedley* were Witneſſes that I went to ſet the Two *O——pes* to *Deal*; and the Prieſt always thought, when I was Made or Forc'd a Nun, then they could make me Write or Sign a Paper, That I

came by Conſent (in Caſe the *O———pes* ſhould ſhould be in Danger in *England* at any Time for me); for Father *Conel*, an *Iriſh* Prieſt, and many others, and Father *Roger*, the Queen's Confeſſor, were all my great Enemies, and great Friends to the Two *O——pes*. *I ſuppoſe* Ann O———pe *had told the Prieſts that I had heard and ſeen ſome Secrets at their Houſe the Eleven Months I was there.*

Madam *Roſſir*, my Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman, came ſometimes to ſee me; and ſhe ſaid, that the Miniſter ſaid, all my Letters were ſafe arrived in *England*, but no Anſwer came yet. Then after I had been about Six or Seven Months in this laſt Nunnery of St. *Shonan*, there came an *Engliſh* Young Man to ask for me; but when the Nuns ſaw he ſpoke *Engliſh* to me, they would not let him ſpeak to me; he ſaid he could not ſpeak much *French*. The Young Man went and told the Doctor, his Maſter, call'd *Thomas Witheny*, an *Engliſh* Prieſt, Born in *Durham* near *Newcaſtle*; he is call'd in *Paris*, The Famous *Engliſh* Preacher; he comes and goes often to *England*; he puts Prieſts in *Northumberland* at Noblemens Houſes, *Roman* Catholicks; he is now Head Superior in the Monaſtery in *Paris*, the *Engliſh Miſſionaries*, or the *Engliſh Prieſts*, in the Street of *Marſeilles*, near the *Rue de Poſt*. This Popiſh Preacher, call'd Dr. *Witheny*, came to the Sr. *Shonan* the next Day, and ask'd me if I was a good *Roman* Catholick? I ſaid I was; he ask'd the Nuns what was the Meaning of all this? It muſt not be ſo that Thirty Thouſand *Roman* Catholicks in *England* be in Danger for One poor Girl; for he had got a Letter from one Madam *Delaval* in *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*, that lives in the High-Market, (I know her well, ſhe is a Papiſt,) he ſaid Madam *Delaval* had writ to know the Truth, for the *Roman* Catholicks were ſcandaliz'd to hear ſuch and ſuch Things; for my Mother's Cries were all over *Newcaſtle*, that the Papiſts had ſtole away her Child, and carry'd her to *France*, and

and forc'd her Child to be a Papiſt, and were forcing her to be a Nun; and in the Streets every Body was telling that the Papiſts had forced away *Fanny Shaftoe* to be a Papiſt. Dr. *Witheny* told me, it being but Ten Days before *Chriſtmas*, 1706, that Queen *Mary* was gone to the Nunnery, he could not go to trouble her Majeſty for a Paſs for me till after *New-Years-Day*, then he would go to St. *Germains* to ask her Majeſty for one himſelf, but in the mean Time he would write to Madam *Delavar* to chear up my Mother's Spirits. But I was told ſecretly by a Friend, that Madam Nun had told the Doctor they pitied my Tears and Cries ſo much, that they had been at the Archbiſhop's and Mr. D'*Arganſon*'s for a Paſs for me, or to give me my Liberty in the Streets. I often ask'd them, but they bid her ſend to Queen *Mary* for that; which they did, and deſired M. *L'Abbey de Ruky*, Queen *Mary*'s great Friend, to go to St. *Germains* on Purpoſe to ask her Majeſty for a Paſs to ſend me to *England*; but her Majeſty refus'd him one; and Madam Nun told the Doctor that all the *Roman* Catholick Ladies, that were Boarders, ſpoke to her, and ſaid, it was a Shame to keep the *Engliſh* Priſoner thus; there muſt be ſome Reaſon for it, for they never heard of any *Engliſh* Gentlewomen treated thus. I do remember about a Month before the Doctor came to ſee me, I was call'd, the Fourteenth Day of *November*, to ſpeak to Mother Madam Nun, and Monſieur *L'Abbey de Ruky* was there; he writ down my Name, and ſaid he would go next *Tueſday* on Purpoſe, God willing, to St. *Germains*, to ſpeak to Her Majeſty for a Paſs for me. He ask'd me if I was a good *Roman* Catholick why I had not of ſo many Months taken the Sacrament? I ſaid my Dear Mother's Groans for me diſturbed me ſo much that I could not reſt Night nor Day; but I would be a good *Roman* Catholick if they would ſend me to my Dear Mother and Siſter. I ſuppoſe M. *L'Abbey de Ruky* did

did go to St. *Germains*, but he never would give me an Anſwer. One Day when I ſaw him in the Nunnery I ask'd him, but he ſaid it was dangerous for Women to go in War-time, and ſo always excus'd it: At laſt always when I ſaw him I worried him ſo, that he ſaid, I muſt be contented without a Paſs, for God would have it ſo for the Good of my Soul; I might turn Proteſtant in *England*, as he believed I would. Madam Mother Nun bid me write to the Queen's Confeſſor for a Paſs; I ſaid I had humbly writ to him, but he bid me ſtay till a better Opportunity; it was dangerous in War-time; but I ſaid the *O*———*pes* had a Paſs, and all they would, Money enough, as I did hear whiſpered amongſt the Nuns and Boarders. Then Madam Mother Nun bid me write humbly to her Majeſty Queen *Mary* for a Paſs, and bid me write as a Petition, with my own Hand; I ſaid I had writ twice, there was the Copies, to ſhow how I had humbly intreated her Excellent Majeſty for a Paſs, but had no Anſwer; and I had writ very often to her Majeſty's Confeſſor, he being my Confeſſor at firſt; but he anſwered but the firſt of my Letters, to tell me, *It was dangerous to go to* England *in War-time*, &c. I always took Care how I writ whilſt I was in *France*. Then Dr. *Witheny* writ me a Letter Four Days before *Chriſtmas-Day*; the Contents of which Letter was, as I do remember, as follows.

Madam,

I *Have writ to* Newcaſtle *to acquaint your Mother you deſign to ſee her in the Spring: In the mean time I deſire you, the little Time you have to ſtay in this Chriſtian Countrey, to make good Uſe of it, that you may be able to withſtand all the Temptations you may meet with amongſt your Proteſtant Parents; and I deſire you to make good uſe of all the Sermons that are now Preaching at ſuch a Time as this, and have Charity for your Neighbours, and forgive: And if you have*

ſent

ſent any Letters to England *againſt the* O———es, *I deſire you to ſend others to prevent any Danger: For our Religion begins to retract and go down in* England: *We muſt be Charitable to our Neighbours; ſometimes we may ſpeak or write what we may be ſorry for after. I wiſh you a happy* Chriſtmas *and* New Year. *I ſhall come to ſee you the Beginning of the* New Year.

Madam,

Your humble Servant,

Tho. Witheny.

This Letter was directed for me in the Convent of St. *Shonan*; he ſent his Boy with it; it was writ below the Superſcription that it came from him, that the Nuns might give it me then; for ſometimes they kept my Letters till an *Engliſh* Prieſt came to read them before they were given me.

I ſent all theſe Letters to *England* when my Dear *Swiſſer*-Woman came; ſhe ſaid that the Miniſter ſaid they went ſafe; I wiſh Eſq; *H—ley*, Mrs. *O——pe*'s Great Friend, would give me back all the Prieſts Letters again.

But this Dr. *Witheny* was like all the reſt; for when he had been at St. *Germains* he never came nor ſent to tell me what Anſwer her Majeſty gave him about giving me a Paſs for *England.*

Some Days after I deſired Madam Mother Nun to ſend me to the Street of St. *Marſeilles*, to ſpeak to the Doctor: She ſent me in a Coach, and a Nun with me; but I ſaw it was not his Fault; for I found he hid from me the Difficulty he had to get a Paſs; and at laſt he came and ſaid plainly I muſt be contented without a Paſs.

Then Three Weeks before *Eaſter*, 1706, came *Eleanor O———pe* to ſee me; I had not heard from her, nor ſeen her, ſince the 14th of *November*, 1702, that her Siſter deſigning to go to *England*, ſent for me to *Poyſy*, to put that Trick upon me to ſign that lit-

tle

tle Bill. I ſaw *Ann* ſome Months after. *Eleanor* came to the St. *Shonan*, and deſired me to eaſe her Siſter *Ann*, who was Priſoner in *England* for me, as ſhe ſaid; but I do not know if 'twas for me.

I ask'd her how ſhe could be ſo cruel to me as never to write or ſend to me all this Time? I thought ſhe had been gone to *England* with her Siſter *Ann*: Or why did *Ann* go ſecretly to *England* without me, when ſhe ſwore to me ſhe would never go without me? She ſaid her Siſter *Ann* had not Money enough; but I ſaid I had heard all, how that Monſ. *L'Abbey de Ruky* had given them above a Thouſand *French* Livres out of Queen *Mary*'s Money; he received always the Money to go to pay at St. *Germains*; and that her Siſter and ſhe had bought Lace and Cloth to the Value of 800 *French* Livres before ſhe went to *England*; and ſince ſhe had ſo much Money, ſhe might have come to ſee me, or her Siſter *Ann* might have taken me to *England* with her: We had a great Diſpute in Preſence of ſeveral Nuns. *Eleanor* ſaid I had ſent ſuch and ſuch Letters to *England* againſt her Siſter *Ann*; but the Nuns ſaid I was cloſe Priſoner, I could not make ſuch Letters paſs; but *Eleanor O——pe* ſaid, How could that be? For her Siſter *Ann* had been before the Queen and Council, and her Majeſty ſaid, *They ſay you would force her to be a Nun*; and that her Siſter *Ann* had been ſent to *Newgate* if ſhe had not caſt herſelf at her Majeſties Feet to pity her; ſo ſhe was put into the Meſſenger's Houſe, and ſome Time after a great Lord writ to her, that Mrs. *Shaftoe* muſt come home ſoon, and if ſhe could not well diſprove againſt me it would go hard with her: She writ again to the Lord to have Leave to ſend to her Siſter, to go to ſpeak to me, for ſhe fear'd me not, but to deſire her Siſter to go for a Letter under my Hand; or if not, ſhe would hinder my coming over, for fear I ſhould raiſe my Hand againſt her.

Eleanor

Eleanor ſaid, That I had writ that her Siſter, when ſhe came to *France*, had been Two Hours in the Cloſet with Queen *Mary:* I ſaid I had writ to no Lord, but to my Dear Mother; [*Awake, you ſleep too much; I am folded in a Cloud; make your Complements to the* O———pes *in a New Mode.*] And that I gave Two Letters to Mrs. *Margaret Bitray*, that liv'd with ſuch a Lady, that was a Boarder; they ſearch'd to find this Mrs. *Bitray*; but I knew that Madam *Mircrom*, the *Daniſh* Ambaſſadreſs, had taken her away to *Holland* with her Excellence ſeveral Months before: But the Nuns ſaid they could not believe the Poſthouſe would let any ſuch Letters paſs with ſuch Things writ, as *Eleanor O———pe* ſaid. I was afraid they would judge my Dear *Swiſſer*-woman, but they did not; I pinn'd all upon Mrs. *Bitray*.

Then *Eleanor O———pe*, call'd *Eleanor Bartley*, told me, if I would Sign ſuch a Letter, importing, that I came freely into *France*, and chang'd *Roman* Catholick without Force or Perſuaſion, then ſhe would give me all I would ask of her, and get me a large Penſion from the King of *France*; and when the Wars were done ſhe and I would go to *England*, for it was Dangerous for Women to go now. Or ſhe would get me a Paſs now, and give me Money, or fine Cloaths, and all, if I would Sign that Letter; but I ſaid I had rather have my Right-hand cut off than Sign ſuch a Letter: Then ſhe bid me write to her Siſter, and ſhe would ſend it; but I would not: Then *Eleanor* threatned me that ſhe would go to the Court of *Verſailles* to deſire to hinder my Paſs for *England*, for I ſhould never go if I would not Sign nor Write to eaſe her Siſter. I ſaid I would do all for her Siſter when I was in *England* if ſhe would get me a Paſs; but ſhe ſaid ſhe would not, I ſhould be a Priſoner all my Life in *France*; but I bid her do her worſt, I feared her not, it was enough my Dear Mother knew where I was. She came again the next Day, and call'd for

Pen and Paper, and ſaid, ſhe would Make or Sign all ſhe had of an Eſtate or Pretence in *England*, and ſhe would give me a Paſs, and ask nothing of me, for ſhe was ſure my Heart would not be turn'd againſt her Family; ſhe wept bitterly, and ſaid, her Family was going down. She ask'd me if I would go with her, it was very pleaſant, into the Countrey? I ſaid, why did not you ask me ſooner, for now it was too late? I muſt go to my Dear Mother if the Doctor would get me a Paſs.

About a Month after ſhe writ to me by the Name of *Barkley*, and ſaid, neither ſhe nor her Siſter had ever hinder'd my Paſs; and ſhe bid me write to her for any Thing I wanted, and write her Name *Barkley*, and Seal it, then put the Letter in a Paper, and addreſs it for Monſ. *Varindan*, (as well as I can remember,) Poſtmaſter at *Mean* in *Picardy*, in *France*; but I would not anſwer her Letter. O how I was worried with Prieſts and Nuns; they told me *Eleanor* lived in a Caſtle there.

Then my Dear *Swiſſer*-woman came and told me the Lady Ambaſſadreſs was come Home, and going again in Fifteen Days Time, and all her Family; this was in the Month of *May*; and that the Miniſter ſaid there was good News at the Court of *England* for me if I could but make my Eſcape, for the King of *France* had refus'd me a Paſs; and that there was Money come, but the Banker muſt not pay it till he was got ſafe out of *France*, and all their Family.

Some Time before I had told the Nun I would go and prepare for Confeſſion, for I had not received the Communion at *Euſter*. Then I kept great with ſome Nuns, one who had a Siſter, a Captain's Widow, that liv'd over-againſt the Nunnery Gate; I gave her Daughter Ribbons and Lace; for I ſaid I could never go to *England*, and now I would be a Nun. Then I was permitted ſometimes to go over the Street with this Madam *Varen*, and her Daughter, who always

conduct-

conducted me, and brought me over to the Nunnery again.

Then my Dear *Swisser*-woman came and told me she had Bought a Calash and Man's Cloaths, and her Nephew, who was Secretary to the Company of *Swissers* in *Paris*, he had got me a Pass for *Swisserland*.

Then one Day I went down to the Gates to the Nun-Porter, Sister *Mary Blode*, and desired her but to let me to go to Madam *Varen*'s, to desire her to send her Maid to the other Nunnery for some Gold Thread, because my Work was in great Haste; but Madam *Blode* said, *Will you not run away?* I said, *No, my Dear Sister, I'll come back again*: It was Five a Clock in the Morning, and all the rest of the Nuns were in the Church; she let me go with much ado, but she lov'd me. Then I had a Note in my Breast where to find this Woman's Nephew; he call'd a Coach, and carried me to an Officer's House, where I found my Woman *Swisser*, with others of my Friends. Then I was drest in Man's Cloaths, and the Calash and Horses and all was ready to ride Post for *Swisserland*; her Nephew rid on Horseback by the Postilion; we rid Post Night and Day; his Pass was to go for Recruits in *Suisserland*: But at Two Towns on the Frontiers of *France*, *Bezanson* and *Ponterly*, the Guards stopt us at the Gates; but the Governours of the Two Towns let us pass, for our Passes were good. Then in Four Days we arriv'd in *Swisserland*, but my Dear Woman came not till Eight Days after; she hid herself in Woods, and walk'd Mornings and Evenings; she was all in Rags, and climb'd up Mountains. But Five Weeks after came to *Swisserland* to me the Officer's Wife, where I was drest in Man's Cloaths in *Paris*, and said, her Husband had shut up his Doors that Night, and sent her and her Children into the Countrey, and he went every Day to his Work; he was an Armourer that made Guns, his Name is

Monſ. *de Batay*; his Wife, Madam *de Batay*, told me there was great Search made for me that Night in *Paris*; the Conſtables ſearched all about, and Two Days after my Picture and the Woman's was drawn, and Printed on Paper, and put in all Churches and Market-places, and Frontiers of *France*, Money bid to take me up, and my Name writ below my Picture. But when they ſaw they could not find me, there was a Paper cried about the Streets, call'd, *The King of* France's *Favour to the* Engliſh; *all* Engliſh *are free to have a Paſs:* This was done to hide the Noiſe about me, when they heard I was paſs'd ſafe into *Swiſſerland*. Madam *de Batay* ſaid ſhe ſaw my Picture at *Ponterly*; and her Landlady told her there was an *Engliſh* Woman, as they ſaid, had made her Eſcape out of a Nunnery, and ſhe was got Four Leagues into *Swiſſerland* when the King of *France*'s Writ came after me to take me up; ſeveral Gentlemen in *Swiſſerland* told me they had ſeen my Picture and the *Swiſſer*-woman's at *Ponterly*. I was Nine Weeks in *Swiſſerland*; then I was ſent to *Holland* by the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador in *Swiſſerland*: At *Holland* I received Six Letters from Dear Madam *Mircrom*, and ſaw her and her Chaplain at laſt at *Holland*, who told me they had Letters from *Paris* how and what great Search was made for me in *France*. I was above Three Months in *Holland*.

I arrived in *England* the latter End of *December* laſt, 1706, and the Fifth Day of *April*, 1707, the ſaid *Anne Henrietta O———pe* was taken up with a Warrant of the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Juſtice *Holt*, the ſaid *Eleanor O———pe* yet remaining in *France*. And the Lord Chief Juſtice did ſecure the ſaid *Ann* accordingly by her Recognizance, with Security to appear in her Majeſty's Court of *Queen's-Bench* laſt *Eaſter-Term*, when and where I *Frances Shaftoe* preferr'd a Bill of Indictment of High-Treaſon againſt the ſaid *Ann* and *Eleanor*, which was found

found to be a true Bill by the Grand Jury of the County of *Middleſex*; upon which Indictment the ſaid *Ann* was Arraign'd, and having Pleaded, her Trial was appointed by the ſaid Court to be upon the Firſt Day of *Trinity-Term*, when and where I was ready with my Witneſſes, ſome of whom I have procured from beyond Sea at my great Coſt and Charges: But the ſaid *Ann O*————*pe* found Friends, and got her Trial put off for the preſent.

I *Frances Shaftoe* will and can ſtand to the Truth of all that I have written in this Paper.

Frances Shaftoe.

I ſhould have made many Remarks to your L——— *as I went on; but as I could not think it leſs than an Impertinence to interrupt a Story wherein there ſeems ſuch a Wonderful Connection, ſuch an Agreeable Chain of Circumſtances, as was not, without a manifeſt Prejudice to the Sence, to be diſpenced with, or taken to pieces: Nor indeed, but for the ſame Reaſon, did I propoſe or intend at firſt to trouble you with a Fourth Part of what I have done, till reading it over a Second Time I found in every Page ſomething very Attractive and Curious.*

But this, my L———, *will need no other Remark, ſince the Method I have taken gives it into your* L——— *own Power to judge. As to the Truth in general, I think, as I believe that no one will give your* L——— *or me the Trouble of reaſoning upon it, unleſs they would take the Advantage of our Want of Perſonal Knowledge therein: But as to the Particulars, I confeſs it will admit of Argument enough, tho' not equivalent with the Reaſon of an unprejudiced Reader. What a Prodigious Weight or Force muſt it bear on the Mind of ſuch a one, who but conſiders the Manner of Betraying this poor Girl to* France? *Will any Reaſon naturally ariſe from it, that does not preſently convince*

convince one it was the Diſcourſe ſhe had heard from the O———pes? *And will not a Second Reaſon conſequently ſpring from that, that there was too much Truth in what ſhe had heard or ſeen? All Things, my* L———, *as I have obſerved, ſeem ſo link'd together, that every ſubſequent Fact, througout the whole, becomes a Proof of what goes before it.*

This, my L———, *I lay the greater Streſs on, becauſe I find the Enemies of our Conſtitution look on it as a lucky Article, if they can by any Methods enforce a Belief of the Lawfulneſs and Reality of the Pretender's Birth. This they ſeem to think the firſt Step to advance him in the Peoples Opinion; for if they can but once bring them to conſider him as* Rightful Heir, *they doubt not but by a ſmooth Inſinuation or two more to engage them to throw up their Caps upon the firſt plauſible Opportunity. And this I find the Author of the* Memoirs, *as well as others on the ſame Side, diligently labour after.*

I will not be tedious in the few Remarks I make; they told her the firſt Prince of *Wales* Died at a Fortnight Old; *that about that Time* their little Brother *James* was loſt; their Mother was a Cunning Woman, and often chopp'd and changed her Children from one Nurſe to another: *A Child there was miſſing in the Family it ſeems; their Mother a mighty Creature to Queen* Mary; *a Woman zealous in their Intereſt; their Father and Mother went often in Diſguiſes to* France; *the latter once* like a poor Doctor-woman: My Dear, will it not be a great Comfort to thee that thy own Child ſhall come to be King?

I think, my L———, *the firſt Objection that ariſes is,* Did the *O——pes* ſay theſe Things to Mrs. *Shaftoe?*

Anſ. Did they betray her into *France?*

Ay, but did they tell her Truth?

No doubt of it; for what Reaſon but the Truth ſhould prevail with them to tell her at all? *It is otherwiſe the conſtant Argument of all the Pretender's*

Friends

Friends to juſtifie his being the True and Lawful Son of King James *and Queen* Mary.

Beſides there muſt be ſome Reaſon more than ordinary that the Two O———pes *abandoned the Religion they were Bred in to turn Papiſts.*

Did they turn Papiſts then?

Anſwer. Did they not trepan Mrs. *Shaftoe* into a Nunnery, and tell her 'twas for the good of her Soul? Had they not an Intereſt at the Court of St. *Germains*, and among the Prieſts, *&c.* which no Hereticks can poſſibly have? *Nay, was not the Court of* Verſailles *acquainted with Mrs.* Shaftoe's *Affair, and gave Sanction to it? Was ſhe not taken from one Nunnery to another by the King of* France's *Exempt, attended by Armed Men, who told her M.* D'Arganſon *and the Archbiſhop* knew well what they did? *And the* Swiſſer-*woman who Mrs.* Shaftoe *afterwards brought into* England, *ſwears before the Lord Chief Juſtice* Holt, *that* when ſhe came to ask for Mrs. *Shaftoe* there, ſhe was told it was the King's and Archbiſhop's Order that no Body ſhould ſpeak to her.

This proves, my L———, *that the Secret ſhe was burthened with was of more Weight than ordinary, that ſo great a Monarch as* Lewis XIV. *ſhould be named in it; that he ſhould abſolutely refuſe her a Paſs, tho' the Conſequences of it was like to be ſo fatal* to 30000 Catholicks in *England, as the Famous* Engliſh *Jeſuit there ſays it is like to be. And laſtly, the great Search that his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty was pleaſed to make after ſo poor a Girl when ſhe eſcap'd, are Things that deſerve to be pondered on.*

I cannot omit obſerving to your L——— *her ſaying in one Place, ſhe wiſhes Eſq;* H—ley, *the* O———pes *great Friend, would give her back all hers and the Prieſts Letters again; nor can avoid comparing it to the Favours which ſome of the Family now enjoy. But at whoſe Door we ſhall lay the Miſcarriage or Prevention of* O———pe's *Trial let the World judge: One*

Thing

Thing I'm ſure deſerves our Wonder, that it ſhould happen under a Whig-Adminiſtration; but, as Learned Abel *ſays,* Be that as it will, *I cannot but think it is not yet too late to enquire into it; it muſt at leaſt acquit ſome People of Suſpicion if that ſuits with their Deſire. 'Tis certain the Priſoner* O——pe *found Friends, but I am ſo charitable to hope they were not the Pretender's Friends; and that it proceeded rather from ſome Perſonal Obligations, ſuch as are no Way compatible to an Affair of ſo much Conſequence to a whole Nation.*

I need not waſte more of your L—— *Time, for I think here are Flagrant Reaſons to juſtifie his Title of* **Pretender**, *which is I think at preſent,* **what really he Pretends to be:** *I hope no Means will be uneſſayed publickly to blazen him as ſuch; that the Arrogant and Senſleſs Conſtruction of a Jacobite Crew* (Rightful Heir) *may not be trump'd up to Affront her Majeſty, or to leſſen the juſt Affection and Value we ought to retain for the Illuſtrious Family of* Hanover, *ſo Good and Gracious Pattern of which, Her Majeſty has lately given us in Glorious Expreſſions from the Throne.*

I am, my Lord, &c.

FINIS.